

neglect shown by the white trapper at Otter Lake who in 1947 virtually refused assistance to the starving members of a band of the Ihalmiut.

In summary we must recognize that the book may have done a disservice to the Eskimo cause by so vehemently propounding an extreme view of white infamy. The persistent overstatements, which occur throughout, are more likely than not to antagonize the very people

who are at present in the best position to improve the Eskimos' lot. This is particularly unfortunate since, at the date of publication, the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources was already well advanced on a comprehensive program to improve Eskimo welfare, a policy, incidentally, to which Mr. Mowat gives guarded approval near the end of his book.

VICTOR W. SIM

## OBITUARY

R. M. Anderson (1877-1961)

Dr. Rudolf Martin Anderson, an Honorary Member of the Arctic Institute and for many years Chief of the Division of Biology in the National Museum of Canada, Ottawa, died on June 22, 1961 at the age of 84.

A reserved man, rather diffident, he was never more happy than when he was sitting at the door of a tent, legs outstretched, skinning a mixed bag of shrews, marmots, sandpipers, and perhaps one or two eiders, the while keeping both ears attuned to the murmur of wind and water, and the twittering of the birds. Indians and Eskimos alike trusted and admired him, because he shared so fully their own love of nature and its wild life.

In the University of Iowa he had been a prominent athlete, and his physical strength and endurance served him well during his arduous journeys in arctic Alaska and Canada between 1908 and 1916. The writer travelled with him up the Coppermine River during the winter of 1914-15, cracked with him the marrow-bones of the caribou that were shot, and roared with laughter at his humorous adventures, recounted in an unwavering monotone while his whole frame shook with suppressed mirth — doubtless at his success in stealthily demolishing three-fourths of the marrow-bones.

He was too individualistic, too absorbed in his own biological work, to be a forceful expedition-leader or a dynamic administrator in a museum; but he gave his subordinates every facility at his command and allowed them untrammelled freedom in carrying out their duties. In the field he was a splendid companion who cheerfully carried his share of the load and lent a helping hand whenever it was needed.

Anderson published many scientific papers in various journals, but, being an anthropologist, I am not competent to pass judgement on his biological achievements. I like best to remember him as the indefatigable traveller, cheerfully marching through the snow at the head of his weary dog-team in the waning twilight of an arctic day.

DIAMOND JENNESS